Scraps of Wisdom.

Time flies, death urges, knells call;
Hell threatens, Heaven invites.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brian,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

The ruling passion, be in what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

A Dog that was Too Faithful for His Master.

In the bleakest and most barren portion of the country of Derbyshire, England, there lived, a long time ago, a man and his wife of the name of Pollard. The former was the keeper of the turnpike gate, and he had only been married some two or three months, when the circumstances occurred of which we are about to write. The small toll house in which he lived was situated at a point where the roads met, and in place where the scenery was singularly wild and dreary. It stood in a deep hollow formed by two chains of high hills, whose sides were covered with naught but a continuous surface of dark brown heath, or occasional bushes of prickly gorse. Not another house was to be seen for miles, and the only evidence of life were in the few flocks of sheep which were here and there browsing along the mountain's side, or the mail coach and a few wagons which at intervals passed along the road. The only person who ever paid a visit to the toll-house was a butcher named Godfrey, who called every Saturday for the purpose of supplying the Pollards with fresh meats.

Mr. Pollard had lived in his present abode during several years previous to his marriage; and being of a very courageous disposition, and having become accustomed to the loneliness of his place of residence, he was not much affected thereby; but his wife who had ever been accustomed to living in a populous town, and being withal of a very timid nature, now lived in a constant state of alarm and dread—more particularly whenever her husband paid a visit to the neighboring towns for such necessaries as they required. And what tended to increase this feeling of alarm to a still greater extent, that part of the country was at that time infested by a band of lawless men, who almost nightly robbed and murdered some unfortunate cavalier, or broke into and plundered some lone farm house; nor could the utmost vigilance of the authorities succeed in detecting them. Of those men she lived in daily dread, lest they, discovering that her husband was possessed of a large sum of money—the savings of former years—should sieze an opportunity, when he was from home, and murder her to obtain it. She frequently pressed her husband to give up his station, and remove to some safer place of abode; but he inevitably laughed at her fears, assuring her that there was not the least danger, as none but themselves were aware of the fact of his possessing the money in question. One day in December he received a letter, informing him that his father was lying at the point of death, and earnestly wishing to see him before the event took place. This letter gave him great uneasiness, for apart from the grief it occasioned at his father's situation, if he went he could not possibly return before the next day, as his parents resided more than thirty miles distant, and his wife would be obliged to stay and take care of the "gate." He must go, however—he could not refuse his father's dying request. When he imparted his intention to his wife, she was seized with the utmost terror, and and earnestly entreated him to forego his resolution; nor was it until a long time, during which he had used the utmost endeavers to sooth her, that he could venture to proceed on his journey.

It was Saturday morning when he started, and one of the dreariest days of the season. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and still continued to fall heavily, causing the face of the surrounding scene to look more wild and lonely than ever. As Mrs. Pollard set in the small front apartment of the house, her fears gradually increased more and more, as her imagination conjured up a thousand dread forebodings, and almost fancied that each sound of the wind whistling through the valley was some one even now about to break in. Time sped, when at length Godfrey, the butcher, approached; her terror had attained to such a height that she determined to ask him to stay in the house until her husband returned.

This Godfrey was a tall, powerfully built man, about forty-five or fifty years of age, and with a rough countenance by no means prepossessing. He resided in a house some five miles distant, and which was at least that distance from any other. He had occupied it for years, following his present business, and disposed of his meat by taking it in his wagon to the different families in the vicinity.

She was unacquainted with him until the time of her marriage, but the familiarity arising from his weekly visit to her house, and the cordiality with which her husband invariably received him now inspired her with more confidence in him than from his looks she would otherwise have done.

"I am so glad you have come!" said Mrs. Pollard, as the butcher entered her dwelling. "John has gone to see his father, who is not expected to live, and will not return until tomorrow, and I am nearly frighened to death, for we have got more than a hundred sovereigns in the house, and if any of these robbers were to come, they would murder me. Won't you stop and keep me company until John comes back?"

During the first part of this address, Godfrey did not appear to listen with much apparent interest; but the moment Mrs. Pollard mentioned the money, his face assumed an expression of singular import, and his grey eyes flashed quick glances from beneath his port and shaggy brows, as though something had suddenly moved him. "I am very sorry," he replied—and speaking in low, deliberative tone—"but I cannot possibly stay—I've got to call at two or three more places with meat yet; and before I could return it would be past midnight. But I tell you what I will do—Allen's Dash—a better dog never lived—I'll leave him with you, and I'll agree to forfeit my head if he lets any one enter the house while he is here."

With many thanks, Mrs. Pollard accepted his offer; for she had often heard her husband speak of the courage and sagacity of the animal in question.

"Stay here," said Godfrey, now, as he looked at his dog, and pointed within the room with his finger, "and see that you don't let any one come near."

The dog, which was a very large one, one of the breed called "mastiff," answered this command of his master by wagging his tail two or three times, and looking up into his face with an intelligent expression; and the next moment crouching down by the side of Mrs. Pollard, stretched himself at full length upon the hearth, as though at home.

When the butcher had departed, Mrs. Pollard began to caress the dog, and for a long time endeavered to attract his attention, but in vain; he continued to lie mute and motionless, as though devoid of life. This circumstance raised her fears anew; for she began to think if the dog lay thus passive now, he would do so if any one chanced to come near the place. Again she renewed her caresses, and finally offered him a piece of meat; but still with the same success; the dog would neither appear to recognise her presence, nor would he touch the meat.

The toll-house consisted of two rooms, with only one door to entrance, and which was at the front.

The back apartment was used as a bed room, and was lighted by a small window at the foot of the bed. The front one had two windows; a tolerably large one near the door, and a small lattice, whose diamond shaped squares of glass were encased within this with plates of lead. To none of the windows were there any shutters, with the exception of one in the bed room.

At the usual time Mrs. Pollard retired to rest, but endeavered to sleep; the dog still remaining in the same immoveable position as when his master left him.

The night was more chill and dreary than had been the day. The falling of snow had given place to a heavy storm commingled with sleet and rain, which the wind now blew against the casements with terrible force—almost appearing as though it would raise the house from the very foundation. It seemed a fitting night for deeds of blood! Mrs. Pollard lay in her bed trembling as her terror at each repetition of the keen blast increased. Stories of robbery and bloodshed, which she had heard years ago, now rushed through her mind with vivid distinctness, and her imagination increased their enormity a hundred fold.

She lay thus, unable to sleep, until as near as she could guess, about midnight, when she thought she heard the sound of a single footstep outside the house. She partially raised herself, and bending forward, listened for a continuance of the sound with eager intentness. She soon heard the step again, and this time distinctly. They now appeared to be near. She now listened for the dog's raising some alarm—but not the slightest movement did he seem to make. Her terror suddenly raised to a great extent, at the animal's not taking notice of the noise outside. Another moment, and she heard a sound as of some one removing the glass out of the small casement in the other room, immediately followed by the sharp click of the handle, which fastened it on the inside, turning round. Still the dog gave forth no sound or indication of what was going on.

Mrs. Pollard was now almost frantic with excess of fear, feeling assured that she must undoubtedly in a few moments be murdered. The perspiration streamed from her in large cold drops, and her tongue seemed powerless to utter a single cry.

As we said, the dog had as yet given forth no sign of recognition; but when, a moment after the noise of the handle's turning round was heard, some one seemed to be forcing through the aperture, he gave a low growl followed by a sudden spring. A shrill cry of agony immediately echoed through the house, so keen and startling as almost to chill the blood in Mrs. Pollard's veins. The sound was followed by the sound of fierce struggling, mingled with sharp cries, which each moment became weaker and weaker, as of a human being in the very extremest of mortal pain and anguish; and the deep mouthed baying of the dog. At length the struggle ceased, and all became still as death.

When daylight appeared Mrs. Pollard rose and dressed, with as much speed as the weakness, the terrors of the night had occasioned would permit. She then set down by the window to await the appearance of the first person who might pass, for she could not summon sufficient courage to enter the other room alone. In a short time a teamster approached, whom she hailed; and as soon as he had stepped near to where she was told the story of the previous night's adventue.

He instantly ran round to the side on which was the lattice casement, and the next moment returned, with horror depicted on his countenance, as he exclaimed—"My God, what a sight I have seen!"—He then got in by the open window, at which Mrs. Pollard had been seated, and led the way to the room. And what an object was then presented to their view? Hanging on the sill of the casement, with the head and shoulders protruding through into the interior, was the body of Godfrey, the butcher! In his right hand he held a large knife, the blade of which was covered with blood; for he had stabbed the dog several times during the struggle. And fierce that struggle must have been, for in the left hand was a quantity of hair which he had torn from the neck of the dog. The latter, at the moment when shey entered the room, was sitting erect on his haunches beneath the place whers his master was hanging, gazing with a fixed look upon him; and the blood was still flowing from the stabs he had received.

Godfrey had formed the resolution of robbing and murdering Mrs. Pollard, and had left his dog with her as a means of effectual warding off all suspicion from attaching to himself; never for a moment doubting but that his dog would permit him to enter the house unmolested. The faithfulness and intelligence of the anamal was thus the instrument of punishment on his master, for the enormity of the crime he intended to commit. The teamster dressed the wounds of Dash, and then pursued his journey. Nor did Mrs. P. now feel any further fear of staying alone until the return of her husband, after such a proof of the courage and sagacity of her brute protector. Dash recovered from his wounds, and was ever kept with as much care as though he had been their child, nor could any amount of money which might have been offered for his possession, have tempted them to partwith him.

Female Duelists.

Once I saw the heroine of a Texas duel which had been fought with pistols—a man being the other party in the sanguinary duet. A three cornered nick in her pretty ear and an ugly scar in his shoulder were the souvenirs of the encounter. Of course, *le grande passion* was at the bottom of this unpleasantness, you say. You are wrong; the *casus belli* was something dearer to the heart of the typical Texan—a horse.

I knew one other female duelist—rather a would be heroine of an affair of honor who lived in Atlanta in the handsomest and most richly furnished house that blazed under Sherman's torch. The house was as well known as its mistress—the petite, auburn haired, lily-skinned Nellie—a very Lola Montez in her restlessness for adventure and sensation. Her first husband committed suicide—hung himself I think. The second, a rich ex-slave trader, boasted that he was too tough smart to be driven to suicide but the life the eccentric Nellie led him was hardly preferable to the fate that brought peace to his predecessor.

She one day challenged a young man in a Southwestern town where she then lived. She drove to the place of appointment with her female second and stepped out of the carriage in a costume that displayed her Cinderella feet and two gold-mounted pistols in her belt. She was eager to satisfy her honor, and it was with difficulty that the matter was compromised.

What a character Nellie was! Many Atlantians remember that grand dinner party she gave when her fine house was finished and her spacious drawing-room garnished with the superb furniture which had been ordered from New York. The city was curious for a glimpse of those much talked of parlors and she had counted on this curiosity and on her money and sumptuous table to bring ladies to her grand housewarming, yet when she entered the rooms radiant in satin and diamonds to greet her guests, not a lady was among them. She turned pale as death, then rallied, bore her keen disappointment bravely, and was the life of her stag party.

"Family Dramas."

M. Romain Marsi has been sentenced by the French tribunals to thirteen months' imprisonment for extortion. His mode of operation was to attend the police courts and to take note of any cases in which persons were found guilty of trivial offenses, which they would have special reasons for wishing "to keep out of the papers." Having made his selection he would write a letter to the delinquent informing him (or her, for he practiced largely upon the credulity of the female mind) that he regretted, as editor of the *Petit Journal des Tribunaux*, the circulation of which was enormous, to be compelled to publish a report of the case; but that he should be at his office any morning from nine to eleven, and would be happy to hear what they might have to say before the article appeared. This letter rarely failed of its effect, and when the delinquent called and was shown into the editor's room he found himself confronted with a large poster at the top of which was printed the "Pilory of Evil-Doers." Upon the chimney piece was a statue of Justice wielding her sword; and upon bookcase several boxes with the words "Secret Documents." "Family Dramas," etc., painted upon the lids. Marsi took care to leave the visitor alone with these sinister articles of furniture for several minutes, and when he came into the room he began to speak of the enormity of the offense and the necessity of making a public example of the offender. He gradually became less indignant, and finally let his visitor understand that for this once he would not publish the report of the case.

The visitor, delighted at being thus spared the humiliation of publicity, was only too glad to accept Marsi's proposal to subscribe to his newspaper—a matter of thirty to forty francs; the more so as Marsi assured him that he would find in it most salutary counsels for his guidance in the future. His device was finally brought to the knowledge of the police, and a prosecution, with the result referred to above, followed.

De Debbil on a Scursion.

"Says I, John, what did those darkeys do then?"

"Good gracious, boss, I tell you—dem niggers just frow demselves down on de groun', sir, and holler, Oh, Lordy—good Lord hab mercy on a poor nigger. Nebber be a bad nigger any more, oh, Lordy—good Lordy—and de ole slycoon pay no tention a tall, but jes lif em up and twis em all roun and roun and toss em ober de fonce into de red mud hole; and Jim, my soul I wish you could hab seen Jim, for as he was gwine ober de fence he struck a post dat was sticken up, and he gethered it with both arms and held on and hollored wus than eber, 'Oh, Lordy—oh, my good Lord, Bless de Lord, hab mercy on a poor nigger;' and about that time the old slycoon twis he tail aroun and lif Jim's feet way up over he's head and his holt broke, and he bounced off on the groun and den took anodder bounde into de mud hold, and den de slycoon lef him.

"Attter de slycoon done clean away I run up to Gim, and says I, 'Gim, is you dead or- no.' Gim neber spoke nary ward, and his eyes was walled like a dead stoor, and so says I rgin, 'I say Gin, is you done gone clean dead,' for you see I thought if Gim dead no uce in me wadin in de mud atter oim, rnd Gim he grunt an wall one eye at me whisper, 'whar is he?' 'Whar's who?' says I 'De debbil,' said he. 'Done gone,' said I—'gone clean away. Git up fum dar—git up, I say.' Gim gib a groan and say 'I cant; I'm done dead.' 'Git up I tell you,' said I, but Gim nebber move. Bimeby I frow up my hands and look down de big road and say, 'My good Lord Amighty, ef dat ole slycoon ain't a comin right back here.' Neber see a dead nigger come to life like Gim. He bounce outen dat mud hole and start off up de road a runon an a holerin for a quarter of a mile. White folks come along and stop him and look all ober him and nebber find a scratch. When he got back we was all cuttin away de timbers from offen de mules, and it was a half an hour before we could git Gim to strike ary lick. Tell you what boss, we was mighty bad scared, but I debber see a nigger as onready for judgement as dat same nigger Gim. When de ole debil do git him de raish a rumpus down in dem settlements shore."

"Dident the cyclone take off the roof of your cabin, John?"

"Of course he did, boss. He take de roof off all along eberywhere he go. Look like ebery house he come to he dip down and say take your hat off, don't you see me comin, ain't you got no manners, and zip he strike em and take it off hisself. He take de roof off de colored school and de offen de white school all de same. He no respekter of pusyon, biess God. Tell you, boss, what I tink about dis ole slycaan. I tink he nuffin but de ole debbil on a scurscion, yah, yah, yah," and John cackeled at his own ideas.

Caleb Cushing's personal habits were peculiar. Although a most charming companion, an agreeable conversationalist, and fond of the table where he was always delihgtful. He was a solitary man. His wife, a bright and remarkable woman, who entered into her husband's interest in a way somewhat unusual, died young, and he never married again and always seemed to lead a wandering life, for although he had a home in Newburryport no one was sure of finding him there or of being able to ascertain where he was.

"Misery may like company," says an Irish philosopher; "but I'd rather have the rheumatism in one leg than in both."

An Irish guide told a tourist who who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

"What do you think I had better preach about?" asked the new minister, and the old deacon scratched his head and replied: "Wall, if you preach about twenty minutes, I think you'll teach our people jest right."

"What," said an inquisitive young lady, "is the most popular color for a bride?" We may be a little particular on such matters, but we would prefer a white one.

Professor, to class in surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright Student: "Limp too."

Professor, to a young lady student: "Your mark is very low, and you have only just passed." Young lady: "Oh, I'm so glad." Professor (surprised): "Why?" Young lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."

He was the Fool.—"I don't understand why women dress as they do," said a man, pointing to a lady who passed along the street. "I don't either," replied a by-stander. "That woman," continued the speaker, "is dressed ridiculously, and her husband must be a fool." "I know he is," said the bystander. "Do you know him?" "Oh, yes. I'm the man myself."

Every married man ought to get his life insured. In case of death, fighting the insurance company for the money would occupy his widow's mind, and keep her from brooding over her sorrow.

A *Tribune* attache yesterday heard a skilled vocalist sing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By." She rendered it:

"Wah tah the claw raw baw, Jawy;
Wah tah the claw raw baw;
Jawy, ma aw traw law wah,
Wah tah the claw raw baw."

And then she smiled so sweetly and broadly over the well-merited applause that the corners of her mouth held a sociable on the back of her neck.

Taking a Gentle Hint.

Her lips were like the leaves, he said,
By Autumn's crimson tinted;
Some people Autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them, she hinted.
The meaning of the gentle hint
The lover did discern;
And so he clasped her round the neck,
And glued his lips to her'n.

A Startling Prayer.

The following striking petition was sent to the Almighty for the restoration of President Garfield, just before his death, at a Mendota (Illinois) prayer meeting. It was offered by an old lady: "O! Lord come down; come forthwith and doctor our President. O! Lord, let Thy mercy hover around that hole in the President's back and cause it to come to a head. Let Thy love enter the hole and tussle and wrestle with the pus, Lord. Yes, Lord, wrestle with the pus and bring it forth, all for Thy glory. And, Lord, if Thy wrath can get around the ball, roll her out for the Redeemer's sake. Amen." Of all the prayers offered to the recovery of Garfield the above caps the climax.

Curious Love Letter.

Madam:—Most worthy of estimation! After long consideration, and much meditation, on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration; and if such oblation is worthy of observation, and can obtian commiseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation,

Of your's,
Sans Dissimulation.

The Answer.

Sir:—I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your imagination, to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation, I supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation, to display your education, by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation if each respective signification.

Now without disputation, your laborious application in so tedious an occupation, deserves commemoration, and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation,

Your's,
Mary Moderation.

A Yorkshire gentleman driving home the other day, was accosted by a tar at his lodge-gate, who begged an alms. The squire was "not i' the vein," and told him bluntly to "be off about his business." Jack was not so easy to get rid of. He dogged the squire's carriage to the hall door, and as he alighted, renewed his appeal, saying, "Please be"——"Be off!" exclaimed the angry Dives: "go to——!" "I've just come from there, sir," coolly rejoined the tattered Lazarus. The gentleman was taken aback by the unlooked for reply, and after recovering from his surprise, asked the pertinacious petitioner, "Well! what were they doing when you left?" "Just what they are doing here," was the sailor's answer: "taking in the rich and turning the poor away!" A shilling was the reward of Jack's pertinacity and wit.